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The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And, then, its fashion's old."

"The violet is very well,
But a flower I'd never choose;
Nor yet the Canterburg bell—
I never cared for blues."

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers, beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread to wide."

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour
And found itself a weed.

—S. N.